

**WEIRD TALES OF SUSPENSE AND HORROR!**  
AN OUTSTANDING COMICS PUBLICATION

**THE**

# THING!

10¢  
CDC

NO. 3



ALBERT  
TYLER





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# WEIRD WONDERS

JOHN BELFI

**H**OW MUCH TORTURE CAN THE HUMAN BODY TAKE AND STILL SURVIVE...? WELL, A HINDU ONCE HAD RAZOR SHARP NEEDLES AND SWORDS THRUST INTO HIS BODY AND WAS STILL ABLE TO WALK 3 MILES. WITH EACH STEP IT WAS AGONIZING TORTURE AS THE NEEDLES TORE DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO HIS FLESH YET THROUGH ALL THIS TORTURE HE SURVIVED

**P**ROBABLY THE MOST AMAZING OF ALL ACCIDENTS HAPPENED TO A RAILROAD WORKER RECENTLY... A PIECE OF STEEL BAR 3' 7" LONG AND 1 1/2" IN DIAMETER WAS COMPLETELY DRIVEN THROUGH HIS SKULL... MORE AMAZING IS THE FACT THAT HE NEVER LOST CONSCIOUSNESS AND EVEN WALKED TO THE DOCTOR ...!

**T**HINK OF THE POOR FARMER OF HUMBOLT, WHO HAD MORE THAN ENOUGH MISFORTUNE HAPPEN TO HIM IN ONE DAY...

WHILE MOWING HIS LAWN HE NEARLY LOST HIS EYE WITH A POWER MOWER... A FEW MINUTES LATER WHILE WORKING IN HIS GARDEN HE NEARLY LOST AN EYE WHEN HE RAN INTO A HEDGE THORN... ON HIS WAY TO A LOCAL DOCTOR HE WAS INJURED WHEN HIS CAR WAS IN A COLLISION WITH ANOTHER...

NOT YET, MY TIME ISN'T UP!

THE THING

# THE CLUTCH & DOOM

AS TOLD BY "THE THING"



BOB  
FORGIONE

**T**HIS IS GALVIN MANOR AS IT IS TODAY... A ROOMY OLD PLACE? HEH! NEGLECTED FOR HALFA CENTURY... THE REASON? A STRANGE CURSE, WITH AN INCREDIBLE SEQUEL! FOR FIFTY YEARS THE OWNER OF THIS HOUSE, JETHRO GALVIN, REFUSED TO LIVE THERE.. WHEN HE DIED, HE LEFT HIS MONEY TO CHARITY, BUT GALVIN MANOR, AS PART OF THE RESIDUARY ESTATE WENT TO THREE COUSINS.... CLIFFORD, WARREN, JANE..... AND THAT BEGINS OUR TERROR FOR TONIGHT...

*The Thing*

# THE THING

AND THE REMAINDER OF JETHRO GALVIN'S ESTATE, CONSISTING SOLELY OF GALVIN MANOR AND ITS CONTENTS, IS TO BE DIVIDED EQUALLY AMONG HIS SURVIVING RELATIVES!



THAT WORD 'CONTENTS' INTERESTS ME, MARCY. WASN'T THERE SOME TALK OF TREASURE BURIED IN GALVIN MANOR?



YES, BUT BEFORE YOU RAISE YOUR HOPES, YOU SHOULD BE TOLD OF THE CURSE THAT HANGS OVER GALVIN MANOR



FIFTY YEARS AGO, GALVIN MANOR WAS OWNED BY TWO COUSINS, HENRY AND HAROLD, WHO JUST DIDN'T GET ALONG.

WELL, COUSIN HENRY, EVERY NIGHT I HEAR YOU DIGGING, DIGGING, YOU COULDN'T BE BURYING SOME OF THAT SPANISH TREASURE YOU BROUGHT BACK FROM THE WEST?

I CERTAINLY WOULDN'T BE FINDING ANY TREASURE IN THIS OLD RAT PILE!



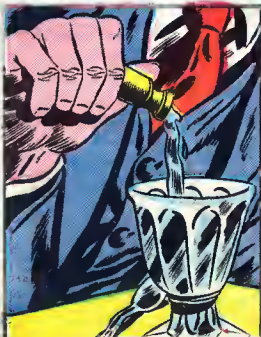
AND I'LL THANK YOU TO KEEP OUT OF MY BUSINESS, COUSIN HOWARD, OR I MIGHT SICK A PET TARANTULA ON YOU. THEY HAVE THOSE IN THE DESERT TOO!



4 FEW DAYS LATER...

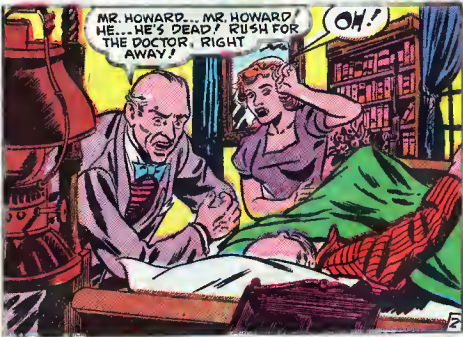
IT'S MEDICINE FOR MR. HOWARD. HE'S HAD ANOTHER OF HIS DREADFUL ATTACKS!

POOR COUSIN HOWARD. I'LL TAKE IT UP TO HIM!



MR. HOWARD... MR. HOWARD! HE... HE'S DEAD! RUSH FOR THE DOCTOR, RIGHT AWAY!

OH!





# THE THING

**I**LL TAKE IT FROM THERE! I'M THE THING, YOU KNOW ME AND I'M APT TO BE ANYWHERE... SUSPICION FELL ON HENRY GALVIN...



AND I TELL YOU, CORONER, HE THREATENED MR. HOWARD. I'M GOING TO HAVE WE BOTH HEARD HIM...



**H**EWAS TRIED AND SOUGHT TO BRAZEN IT OUT UNTIL SURPRISE EVIDENCE WAS INTRODUCED...

AND THE AUTOPSY SHOWS THAT YOUR COUSIN WAS POISONED BY THE VENOM OF THE SPIDER KNOWN AS THE TARANTULA!

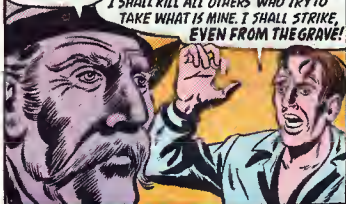
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT! I KILLED HIM. IT WAS HIS LIFE OR MINE!



**T**HE COMMUNITY WAS NOT SUFFICIENTLY ENLIGHTENED (HEH!) TO HAVE AN ELECTRIC CHAIR, SO HENRY GALVIN WAS HUNG, AN UNDYING CURSE ON HIS LIPS...

HAVE YOU A LAST STATEMENT?

YES! ONE MAN HAS DIED BY MY HAND. BY THIS SAME HAND I SWEAR I SHALL KILL ALL OTHERS WHO TRY TO TAKE WHAT IS MINE. I SHALL STRIKE, EVEN FROM THE GRAVE!



**S**O HENRY GALVIN WAS BURIED IN POTTERS FIELD BY THREE GRAVE-DIGGERS WHO VOLUNTEERED FOR THE JOB...



BAH! I DON'T BELIEVE THERE'S ANY TREASURE IN GALVIN MANOR. WHO COULD DIG FOR IT ANYWAY, WITHOUT WAKING THE PEOPLE IN THE HOUSE?

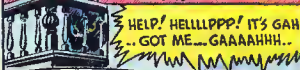
YOU BLOKES RUN ALONG. I'LL FILL UP THE GRAVE!



**S**OON... LATER THAT VERY NIGHT, A SINISTER FIGURE SNEAKED UP TO GALVIN MANOR, WHERE YOUNG JETHRO GALVIN HAD MOVED IN...



**B**UT WITHIN THE NEXT HALF HOUR, THE OCCUPANTS OF GALVIN MANOR WERE AWAKENED BY HIDEOUS SHRIEKS...



IT'S FROM THE CELLAR, MASTER JETHRO!

LET'S GET DOWN THERE!



# THE THING

**THEY FOUND DURGAN, THE GRAVE-DIGGER DEAD, WITH DEEP MARKS ON HIS BARE THROAT...**

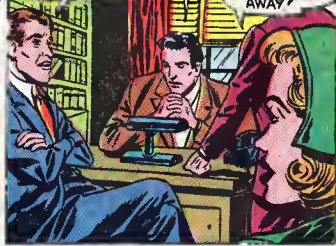
THE NERVE OF HIM! HE SET UP A CANDLE AND HAD HIS LUNCH BEFORE HE BEGAN TO DIG! BUT WHO OR WHAT CHOKED HIM?

I DON'T KNOW! BUT WE'RE LEAVING THIS HOUSE, TONIGHT!!!

HEH! HEH! AND THAT'S THAT... SO LET'S HOP AWAY FROM THE PAST AND COME BACK TO NOW!!!

AND SINCE THEN GALVIN LIKE MANOR HAS BEEN BOARDED TIGHT?

WE SHOULD VISIT THE OLD HOME-STEAD RIGHT AWAY!



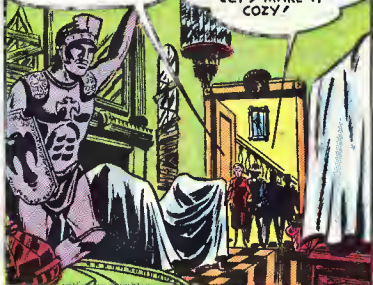
APPARENTLY, NOBODY HAS BEEN IN THE MANOR SINCE UNCLE JETHRO CLOSED IT FIFTY YEARS AGO!

AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO DURGAN, THE GRAVE-DIGGER, I'M NOT SURPRISED!



OOOO. THOSE SHEETS MAKE THE FURNITURE LOOK LIKE GHOSTS!

THAT PROBABLY HELPED SCARE BURGLARS AWAY! BUT IT'S OUR HOUSE, SO LET'S MAKE IT COZY!



THOSE SOUNDS... THEY'RE LIKE SOMEONE DIGGING IN THE CELLAR!

EXACTLY, IT'S CLIFFORD, TAKING FIRST WHACK AT THE TREASURE AND HOPING WE WON'T HEAR HIM. LET'S GO AND SEE HOW HE'S DOING!



JUST A FEW MINUTES... A LITTLE REST... WHAT'S THAT COMING FROM THAT RUB-BISH PILE?...





# THE THING



A GIANT SPIDER...  
A GHOST SPIDER...



IT'S GOT ME!!! **HELP!**  
GAHHH...



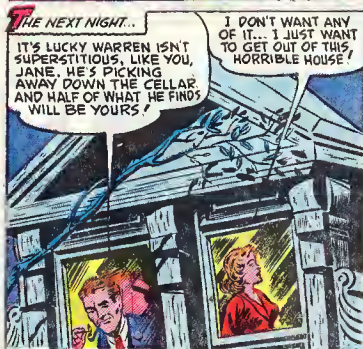
HE'S DEAD...  
STRANGLER...

OOOOO THERE  
GOES A **MONSTER**  
**SPIDER!!!**

YES, CLIFFORD  
CALVIN WAS  
DEAD, BUT  
EVEN THE LAW  
LAUGHED OFF  
THE WEIRD  
ANGLE OF  
THE CASE...

UNDOUBTEDLY HEART FAILURE,  
INDUCED BY FRIGHT. THOSE  
MARKS COULD HAVE COME  
FROM CLIFFORD CLUTCHING  
HIS OWN THROAT.

YOU SEE, JANE,  
WHAT IMAGINATION  
CAN DO... LIKE  
THINKING YOU  
SAW GIANT  
SPIDERS?



**THE NEXT NIGHT...**

IT'S LUCKY WARREN ISN'T  
SUPERSTITIOUS, LIKE YOU,  
JANE. HE'S PICKING  
AWAY DOWN THE CELLAR  
AND HALF OF WHAT HE FINDS  
WILL BE YOURS!

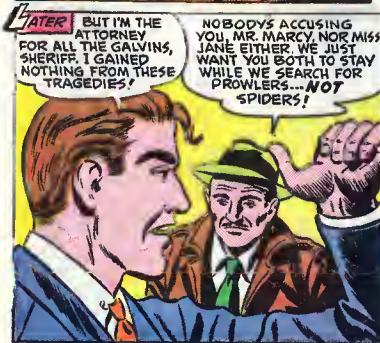
I DON'T WANT ANY  
OF IT... I JUST WANT  
TO GET OUT OF THIS  
HORRIBLE HOUSE!



SOUNDS LIKE  
I'M THROUGH  
THE CEMENT!

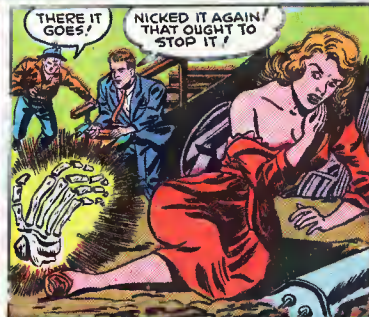
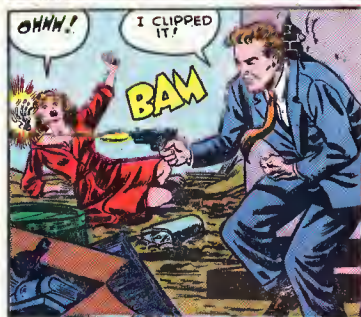
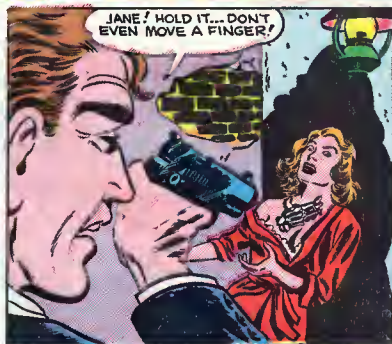


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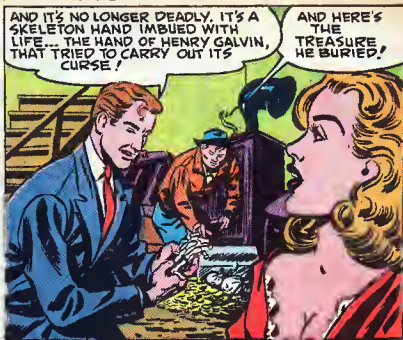


# THE THING





# THE THING



TO PROVE HIS THEORY, RAY MARCY HAD THEM DIG UP THE REMAINS OF HENRY GALVIN AND SURE ENOUGH, THE RIGHT HAND OF THE SKELETON WAS GONE!

HEH!

BUT HOW DID HENRY'S HAND GET FROM THIS GRAVE TO GALVIN MANOR?

THERE'S AN OLD LEGEND THAT ANYONE WHO CARRIES THE HAND OF A MAN WHO WAS EXECUTED, WILL NEVER BE DETECTED IN A ROBBERY!



DURGAN, THE GRAVE-DIGGER MUST HAVE BELIEVED THAT TALE AND TAKEN THE HAND WITH HIM, ONLY TO HAVE IT STRANGLE HIM AS THE FIRST VICTIM OF ITS CURSE!



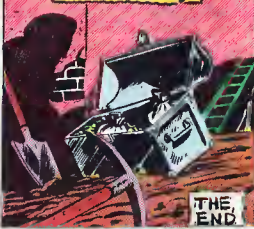
AND DURING THE YEARS, THE FLESH DECAYED UNTIL IT BECAME A SKELETON HAND, WHITE, GHOSTLY, SPIDERY...

DON'T GIVE ME THE CREEPS! WE'VE BANKED THE TREASURE, WE'RE SELLING THE HOUSE AND GETTING MARRIED. THOSE ARE NICER THINGS TO TALK ABOUT!



SO NOW THAT IT'S ALL BEEN EXPLAINED... OR HAS IT? HEH... I'LL SAY GOOD-BYE UNTIL OUR NEXT MISADVENTURE!

*The Thing*





# THE THING THE STRANGE RIDDLE OF THE GHOST TOWN GHOST

**W**EH! THAT "THING" IS HERE AGAIN! TAKING YOU BACK TO THE OLD WEST... WITH A DASH OF THE WEIRD TOSSED IN. EVER HEAR OF GOLDVILLE? NO? SO MUCH THE BETTER! IN THE YEAR 1870, GOLDVILLE WAS ALREADY A GHOST TOWN, DESERTED, FORLORN... AND... HAUNTED! THE FEW PEOPLE WHO VENTURED THERE REPORTED FLICKERY BLUE LIGHTS THAT SCARED THEM AWAY! UNTIL ONE NIGHT, THE NOTORIOUS OUTLAW DUDE FENLEY SHOWED UP WITH ALL HIS BAD MEN...



BUT DUDE... GOLDVILLE IS A GHOST TOWN. SO IT'S LIKELY TO HAVE A REAL GHOST... AIN'T IT? AN' I AIN'T AININ' TUN BE AROUND TUN SEE IT!

SURE, BUT THERE'S NOTHING TO PREVENT ME CALLING ON THAT GHOST, IS THERE? YOU MAVERICKS WAIT HERE WHILE PANCHO AND I PAY MR. GHOST A VISIT!

SELF!  
and  
GIORDANO

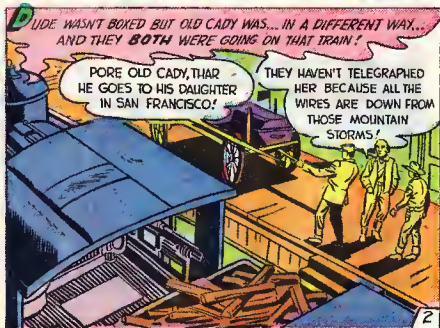
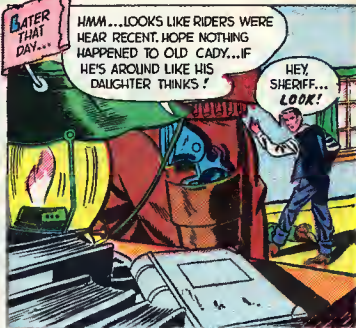
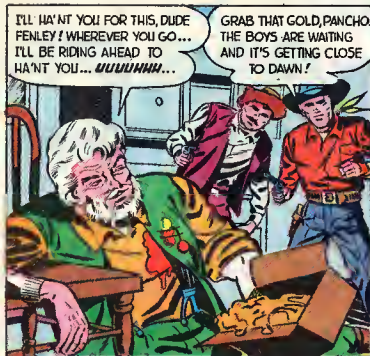
SAY DUDE... IT'S OLD CADY, THE PROSPECTOR WHO DISAPPEARED A YEAR AGO! WHO ELSE WOULD IT BE, A GHOST? LET'S

HAND HIM A CALLING CARD, POLITE-LIKE!

**GOLD!** THAT'S WHAT THE OLD COOT HAS BEEN STORING HERE!

**OUR GOLD NOW, PANCHO!**

# THE THING





# THE THING

WHEN OLD WOOD BURNER NUMBER 3 REACHED THE WATER TOWER, DUDE AND HIS OUTLAWS WERE ON HAND WITH THEIR SIX-GUNS!

CLIMB DOWN, YOU TWO, FEET FIRST AND HANDS LAST!

WE TIED UP THE TRAIN CREW AND CUT OFF ALL THE CARS BEHIND THE BAGGAGE

HOP ABOARD AND WE'LL HIT THE PIKE FOR THE BORDER!

DUDE IS DOING SIXTY, EASY! WITH THOSE WIRES DOWN, THEY'LL NEVER CATCH US...

A COFFIN WITH A BODY IN ITS SHROUD. SAY! IT'S OLD CADY! I'LL TELL DUDE!

BUT DUDE, IT'S OLD CADY, IN HIS SHROUD... LIKE A GHOST!

GET BACK TO THE BAGGAGE CAR AND PITCH THAT COFFIN OFF THE TRAIN!

LOOK, DUDE! IT'S OLD CADY DEAD AHEAD! HE SAID HE'D HAUNT YOU!

WATCH ME GO RIGHT THROUGH!

SEE? NO GHOST... NOTHING! SCARED NOW, PANCHO?

# THE THING



THERE IT IS AGAIN, DUDE!

I PLOUGHED THROUGH IT ONCE... GHOST OR NO GHOST! I WILL AGAIN!



BUT THERE'S A RED LIGHT AHEAD... SWINGING...

RED LIGHT NOTHING! IT'S THE GHOST'S EYES, BLINKING! I'LL SETTLE THEM!



WHEN THE SHERIFF ARRIVED AT DAWN...

I SWUNG A RED LANTERN, SHERIFF, BUT THEY WENT RIGHT THROUGH! THEY WERE ALL DEAD WHEN I GOT DOWN HERE, EXCEPT PANCHO. HE DIED MUTTERING ABOUT A GHOST UP AHEAD!

LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THAT BIG HEAD LAMP...



A BIG MOTH! IT MUST HAVE BEEN IN THERE ALL THE TIME!

NOT A MOTH... A GHOST! CADY'S GHOST... SO DUDE FENLEY THOUGHT!

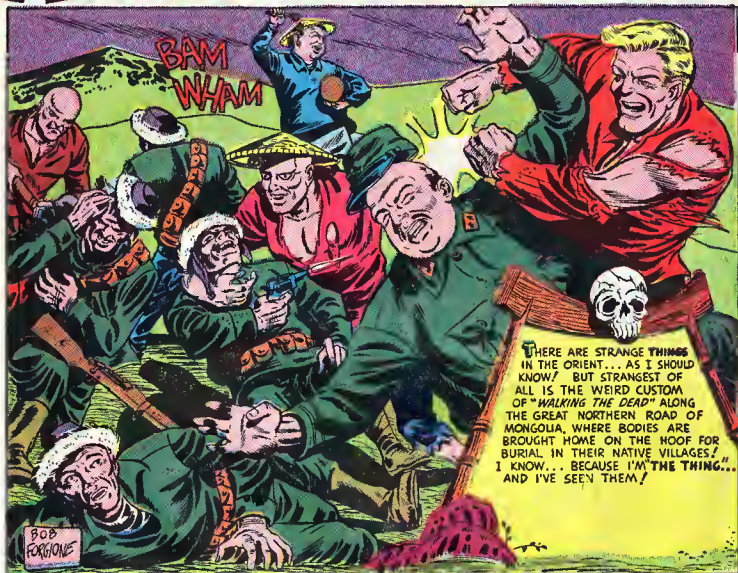
YES... IT ONLY TOOK A STRAINED IMAGINATION TO MISTAKE A PROJECTED SHADOW OF A MOTH FOR A SHROUDED, FULL-SIZED GHOST! ODD, THOUGH, THE "THINGS" THAT CAN GET INTO PEOPLE'S HEADS... AND INTO HEAD-LAMPS, TOO! S'LONG I'LL BE HAUNTING YOU...  
The Thing

The End



# the MARCHING DEAD MEN

## THE THING



OUR STORY OPENS, QUANTITY, ON THE IVY-CLAD CAMPUS OF A MID-WEST COLLEGE.

DAD, THIS IS TOM KINSLEY. TONIGHT, HE'S TAKING ME TO THE PROM. TOMORROW HE GOES TO THE FAR EAST WITH THE AIR FORCE.

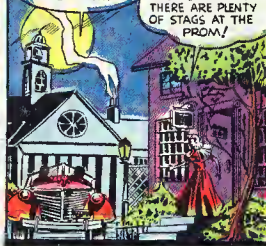
STEP INTO MY STUDY, YOUNG MAN. I HAVE SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO DISCUSS!



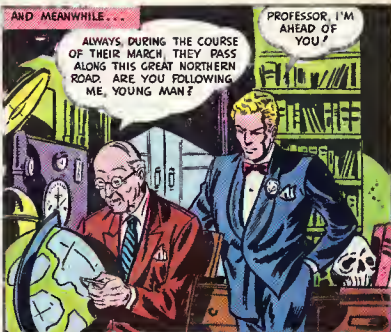
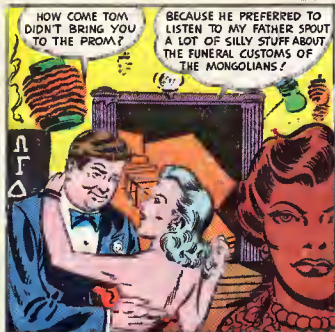
ONE HOUR LATER...

HEY, LUCILLE... WHERE IS YOUR DATE FOR THE PROM?

IN TALKING WITH DAD AND PROBABLY NEVER COMING OUT! I'LL GO ALONG WITH YOU. THERE ARE PLENTY OF STAGS AT THE PROM!

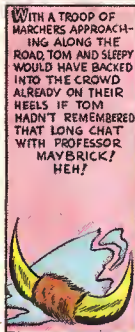
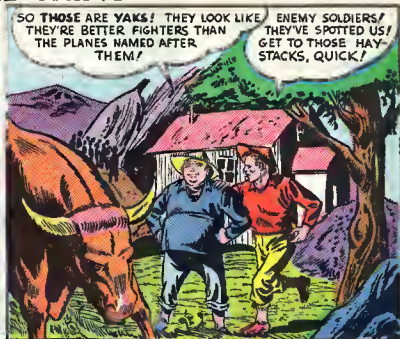


# THE THING





# THE THING



# THE THING

TOM KINSLEY WASN'T KIDDING! GRUESOME THOUGH IT SEEMED, INCREDIBLE THOUGH IT WAS, HE AND SLEEPY HARLOW WERE WITH A PARTY OF MARCHING DEAD MEN, FROM WHOM THE NATIVES-SOLDIERS AS WELL AS PEASANTS-SHIED AS THEY STALKED STEADILY AND MECHANICALLY ONWARD!

GEE, TOM, LOOK AT THOSE SOLDIERS DUCK! THEY'LL NEVER LOOK FOR US HERE. BUT WHERE ARE THESE DEAD MEN MARCHING, AND HOW?

THEY ARE BEING MARCHED TO THEIR VILLAGES WHERE THEY WERE BORN...



BECAUSE IN THIS COUNTRY, IT IS A TRADITION THAT A MAN SHOULD COME HOME TO DIE AND BE BURIED IN HIS OWN SOIL. SO THE SHAMANS MARCH HOME THOSE WHO DIE ELSEWHERE?

UHH... UHHH. HE'S GOT ME SAYING IT NOW, TOM!

UHH  
UHH



ALL THE BETTER, SLEEPY. WE'RE COMING TO A VILLAGE, SO WE MUST ACT LIKE DEAD MEN WHEN WE'RE MARCHED INTO THEIR HOTEL.

THEIR HOTEL!



SAY- IT IS A HOTEL FOR DEAD MEN! LOOK AT THEM LEAN AGAINST THE WALL... LOOK AT US I MEAN!

I'M FINDING OUT HOW THE DEAD MEN MARCH!



PROFESSOR MAYBRICK THINKS MERCURY IS POURED INTO THEIR BODIES TO WEIGHT THEM PROPERLY. BUT IT'S THE RHYTHM OF THE SHAMANS DRUM AND GOULD THAT MAKES THEM GO!





# THE THING

AS DAWN STREAKED THE SKY ABOVE THE MONGOLIAN VILLAGE, A SHUDDERING, TERRIFYING SIGHT CAUGHT THE EYES OF EARLY RISERS.



LOOK! A LIVING DEAD MAN GOING BACK INTO THEIR HOTEL!

NEVER BEFORE! IT CANNOT HAPPEN EVEN NOW!



I MILKED A YAK AND HOOKED A LOAF OF BREAD OUT OF A FUNNY OVEN...

SLEEPY! I THOUGHT YOU WERE LIVING UP TO YOUR NAME AND TAKING A NAP LIKE I WAS!



YOU WERE A FOOL TO GO OUT FORAGING. BUT SINCE YOU DID, WE'LL MAKE THE MOST OF IT!

WHY NOT? YUMMMM!



HERE WE GO AGAIN! WHAT WILL WE DO, SHAKE THIS GANG WHEN WE CLEAR TOWN?

STEADY ON THE LEFT, SLEEPY! THOSE NATIVES ARE WATCHING US! DON'T GIVE YOURSELF AWAY!



LATER...

NOT ONLY WAS BREAD AND MILK STOLEN. COLONEL, WE SAW A DEAD MAN GO IN THERE ALIVE!

ONE OF THE AMERICAN FLIERS! WE'LL CUT THEM OFF!



UHHH... UHHHH... SAY, WHEN DO WE DITCH THIS CREW?

PRETTY SOON! DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT OUR OWN PLANE JUST FLEW OVER AND SPOTTED THIS LINE OF STIFFS!

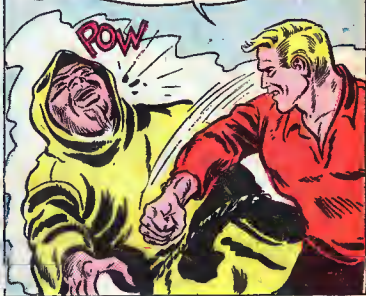


# THE THING

OUR ONE CHANCE NOW IS TO KNOCK  
OUT THE SHAMAN AND TAKE COMMAND!  
COME ON!



I'LL SETTLE THIS GUY! SNATCH UP THOSE GOURDS,  
SLEEPY AND KEEP SHAKING THEM ON THE DOUBLE-  
QUICK!



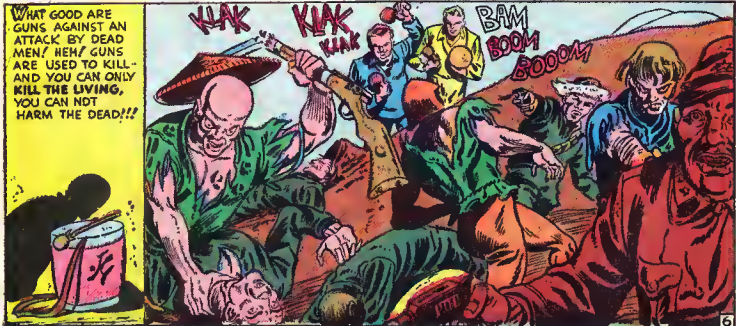
FASTER, SLEEPY!  
FASTER!



BAH! WHAT HAVE YOU TO  
FEAR FROM THEM?  
OPEN FIRE!

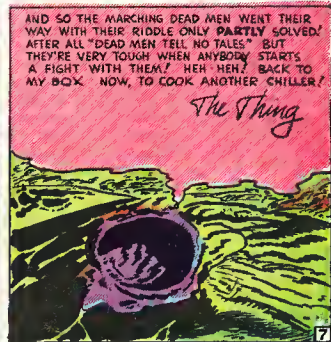
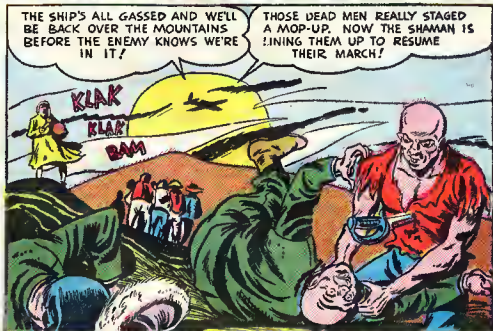


WHAT GOOD ARE  
GUNS AGAINST AN  
ATTACK BY DEAD  
MEN? HEH! GUNS  
ARE USED TO KILL-  
AND YOU CAN ONLY  
KILL THE LIVING,  
YOU CAN NOT  
HARM THE DEAD!!!





# THE THING



# WHAT WAS IT!

## The Adventure of Two Ghostbreakers

One look at the weird old house gave Ray Langdon the shivers. That in turn brought a smile from his companion, Jerry Talbot. For the moment Jerry thought this was Ray's idea of a joke; then he realized suddenly that his friend was serious.

"Why the jitters, Ray?" inquired Jerry. "After all the houses we've investigated, what makes you scared of this one? You haven't even been in the place!"

"That's just it," Ray returned. "Maybe if I had been in it, the house wouldn't seem so forbidding, to put it mildly."

"Take a look at it," suggested Ray. "Right here from the gate. It looks like a yawning monster. Its door is a mouth, those windows are like eyes . . ."

"Except," interposed Jerry, "that they have shutters."

"Like closed eyelids," argued Ray, "through which they are peering, like some creature pretending to be asleep."

"Most eyelids open up and down," scoffed Jerry. "I can't understand what's gotten into you, Ray. For a year or more, we've been hiring out as ghostbreakers, investigating haunted houses one after another, proving them all phoney!"

"But this one is different, Jerry!"

"You need a vacation, I guess," decided Jerry. "This is about the twentieth house we've de-haunted. We've found rats, running water, bats, creaky shutters, cats, wind down the chimney—"

"I know, I know," interposed Ray, "but that ought to make it all the more a matter of mere routine. Look out, Jerry!"

Frantically, Ray grabbed his friend, drew him back as they stepped across the threshold, only to have Jerry laugh anew. What had frightened Ray was nothing more than an old high-backed chair draped with a sheet to protect it from the dust. The breeze from the front door had made the sheet waver like a makeshift ghost.

"You're a washout as a ghostbreaker, Ray," reproved Jerry, "if you let an old trick like that fool you. But let's make the place homey. Maybe that will end your jitters. After all, this is too easy a way to make a living, for us to think of giving it up. All we have to do is occupy a haunted house long enough to make it saleable,

then collect our fee from the owner, and go on to another job."

"Until we run out of haunted houses," put in Ray. "Ever think about that?"

"You pretty near ran out of this one," laughed Jerry, "when you saw that sheet wiggle. Well, let's go up to the third floor and look at those two rooms that everybody says are where the haunting usually begins."

But when they reached the haunted third-floor rooms, Ray felt a strange return of those earlier qualms.

"They're like a trap, Jerry!" expressed Ray, as they flicked their flashlights. "The only entrance is from the hall and the inner room has nothing but a little round window, opening out on a sheer wall. We'd be boxed here if anything should happen!"

"I don't mind being boxed," retorted Jerry. "Those old-fashioned beds look comfortable. I'll take the inner room, if it worries you."

Ray shook his head.

"Let's go downstairs for tonight," he suggested. "Leave these rooms until tomorrow."

"Go downstairs if you like," returned Jerry, "but I'm sleeping in the inner room, Ray, where the ghosts are most likely to be!"

In emphasis, Jerry entered the inner room, hung his coat over a chair, kicked off his shoes and sprawled on the bed. From the connecting door, Ray grimly decided:

"I'll stay in the outer room, Jerry. But if anything should happen . . . I mean, suppose you should hear something — how will you let me know?"

"Like this." With a grin, Jerry reached up, rapped the headboard of the old-fashioned bed. "How's that, Ray?"

"Good. Now if you should see something, Jerry . . ."

"Like a ghost?" laughed Jerry. "I won't. But if I do, I'll give two raps for a signal."

As Jerry thwacked the antique head-board, Ray argued anew:

"This place is uncanny, Jerry. There's no telling what might happen. You might find yourself in some unexplainable danger before the night is over."

"Just to quiet your jitters, Little Rollo," re-



torted Jerry in his most indulgent tone, "I'll rap three times" — he demonstrated with resounding knocks — "in case I'm really on a spot. But I don't advise you sitting up to listen. I'm going to sleep through to dawn and prove that this house isn't haunted."

The hours passed. In the darkness of the outer room, Ray Langdon tossed nervously in bed until he fell asleep through sheer exhaustion. It was still pitch-dark when he awoke from a stifling dream and grabbed madly for his flashlight that was underneath the pillow.

As he flashed the light about the room, Ray couldn't understand what had awakened him, all was so quiet. Indeed, it was the very stillness that made Ray shudder.

Minutes ticked. A heavy drowse came over Ray, but he did not sleep. He was conscious of the stillness all about him, expecting something — he knew not what — to break the pall of the enshrouding darkness that had all the feel of a smothering blanket.

Then it came. Sharp as a pistol-shot, Ray heard a sound from the inner room:

*Knock!*

Jerry's signal! His skeptical friend had heard something. But what? Not a sound had reached Ray's own ears, other than the rap itself. But it was too loud to be a cracking of the wood-work, too real to be a product of Ray's imagination, even though his nerves were taut, to their very limit.

Ray waited, breathless. Then:

*Knock! Knock!*

From the inner room again! Now Ray was sitting upright in bed, realizing that Jerry must have seen some ghostly manifestation in addition to hearing something from the depths of the unknown. Ray was on the point of easing from his bed and stealing through the doorway, in hope that he could gain the same glimpse of something that might prove fearsome, yet would have to be faced.

Before Ray could budge, the raps came again:

*Knock! Knock! Knock!*

Ray left his bed with a bound. Gun in one hand, flashlight glinting from the other, he flung himself through the doorway and came up short. In the glare, the inner room was calm and serene. More than that, the first streaks of dawn were coming through the little window, tinting the bed where Jerry lay stretched as peaceful as when Ray had left him.

Never had any man's imagination proven so treacherous as Ray's, to trick him three times in succession. At least that was Ray's opinion of the moment, for it was obvious that Jerry had neither heard, seen, nor encountered any reason

to signal his jittery friend in the outer room.

At least the night was over and Ray's ordeal had ended with it. Future nights in this house would be easily passed, now that Ray had found his nerves. Ray gave a low chuckle of his own, then decided to awaken Jerry and let him share the joke. Stepping beside the bed, Ray shook his friend's shoulder, lightly at first, then harder. Jerry certainly was a sound sleeper. No wonder the thought of ghosts never worried him!

After all, why not let Jerry sleep a little longer? That notion was passing through Ray's mind when his hand seem to freeze. Small wonder, for Ray's fingers were going cold and they caught that frigid touch from Jerry's shoulder. On sudden impulse, Ray shook Jerry's shoulder again, violently and more violently. But Jerry's figure did not roll. It seemed wooden, solid as the bedstead, except that it was icy.

Ray's hand, pressed to Jerry's heart, found no pulsation there. Jerry's white face, staring upward, was glassy-eyed but sightless. Jerry Talbot was stone dead!

What was it that killed Jerry Talbot?

Sheer fear could have been the reason, but the thing that caused his terror remained unknown.

The theory of a heart attack was advanced as another possibility. But that did not explain the precise raps that Ray Langdon had heard. Jerry Talbot, in the throes of death, could hardly have sent such coherent, well-timed signals.

When Ray summoned other people to the scene, they looked down from the window and saw a stretch of sheer wall to the ground. There were no marks in the mud that fringed the lawn below. It would have been impossible for a murderer to have come and gone by the window route.

The police pried up the flooring of the haunted inner room but found nothing in the way of trap doors to the floor below. The walls of the room were a solid portion of the house walls; the ceiling was directly beneath the eaves.

Whatever its ghostly legends, the old mansion retained them. The death of Jerry Talbot, the ghostbreaker who had failed to break the spell, caused the house to depreciate in value even further. It was finally torn down but even the ruins offered no solution to the strange death of the man who had defied the curse of that inner room.

Whenever they talk of Jerry Talbot and his sudden end, people speculate on the horror that he must have seen with those eyes that so rapidly were glazed with death.

Always, someone asks in hushed tones:

"What was it!"

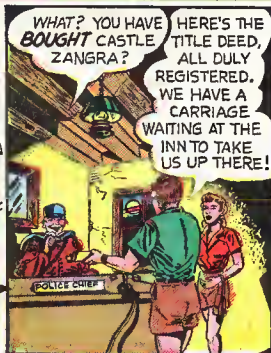
# THE THING

## CRYPT OF THE VAMPIRE

HIGH ABOVE A FORGOTTEN MOUNTAIN PASS IN RUMANIA STANDS CASTLE ZANGRA... THROUGH THE CENTURIES THIS GRIM, OLD EDIFICE HAS BEEN SHUNNED AS THE HAUNT OF THE NOTORIOUS **BARON ZANGRA**, REPUTED LEADER OF A VAMPIRE HORDE! BATS FLIT ABOUT THE TOWERS OF CASTLE ZANGRA, WOLVES HOWL BENEATH ITS WALLS!! AND BELOW THE GREAT HALL LIES A **CRYPT**... THE DESERTED TOMB OF THE VAMPIRE ZANGRA... WHERE HE RETURNS, SO LEGEND HAS IT, WHENEVER THE MOOD GRIPS HIM!!!

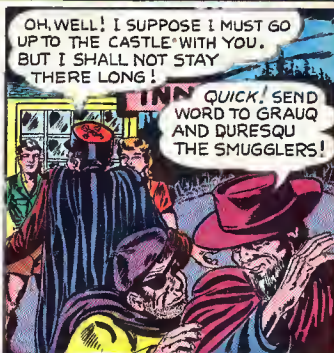
MARTIN

INTO THIS CHARMING PASTORAL SETTING OF CRAGS AND CHASMS CAME AN AMERICAN, RODNEY LAWTON, AND HIS WIFE, MARLENE, NEW OWNERS OF CASTLE ZANGRA!



WHAT? YOU HAVE BOUGHT CASTLE ZANGRA?

HERE'S THE TITLE DEED, ALL DULY REGISTERED. WE HAVE A CARRIAGE WAITING AT THE INN TO TAKE US UP THERE!

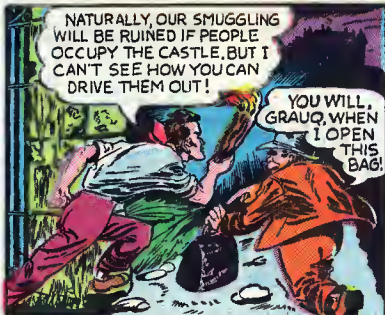


OH, WELL! I SUPPOSE I MUST GO UP TO THE CASTLE WITH YOU. BUT I SHALL NOT STAY THERE LONG!

INN QUICK! SEND WORD TO GRAUQ AND DURESQU THE SMUGGLERS!



# THE THING



# THE THING

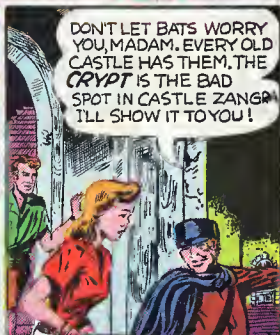
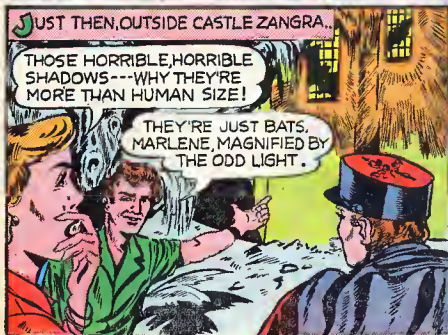
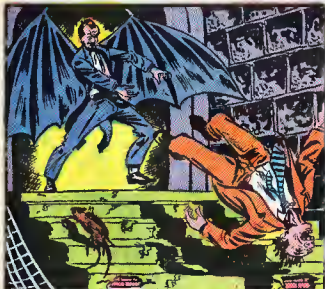


NOW TO GET OUT BEFORE THOSE FOOLS  
ARRIVE FROM THE INN. WITH GRAUQ'S  
SHARE, I CAN RETIRE.  
SO LET THEM HAVE  
THIS CASTLE-----  
**WHAT'S THAT???**





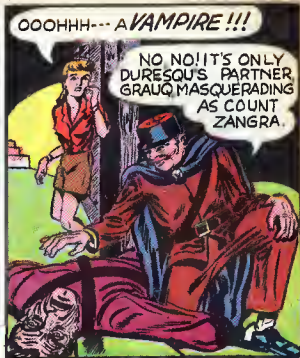
# THE THING



# THE THING

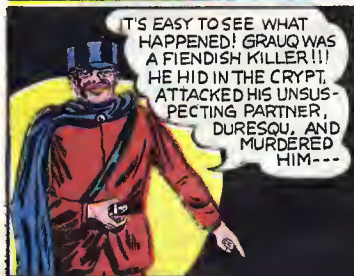


IT'S DURESQU, THE SMUGGLER,  
CLAWED AND CHEWED TO DEATH!  
THAT CRYPT SHOULDN'T BE SHUT!  
OPEN IT AND SEE WHAT'S INSIDE!



OOOHHH--- A **VAMPIRE !!!**

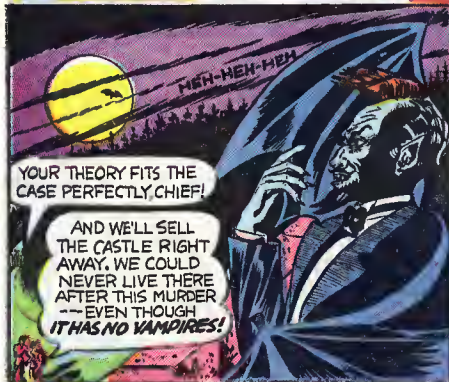
NO NO! IT'S ONLY  
DURESQU'S PARTNER  
GRAUQ MASQUERADING  
AS COUNT ZANGRA.



IT'S EASY TO SEE WHAT  
HAPPENED! GRAUQ WAS  
A FIENDISH KILLER!!!  
HE HID IN THE CRYPT,  
ATTACKED HIS UNSUS-  
PECTING PARTNER,  
DURESQU, AND  
MURDERED  
HIM---



--WHEN GRAUQ WENT BACK  
IN THE CRYPT TO WAIT  
AND FRIGHTEN US, THE  
BAR FELL WHEN HE  
PULLED THE DOOR  
SHUT, SO HE WAS  
TRAPPED AND  
SUFFOCATED!



YOUR THEORY FITS THE  
CASE PERFECTLY, CHIEF!

AND WE'LL SELL  
THE CASTLE RIGHT  
AWAY. WE COULD  
NEVER LIVE THERE  
AFTER THIS MURDER  
--EVEN THOUGH  
**IT HAS NO VAMPIRES!**

---AND SO WE SAY RELUCTANTLY  
FAREWELL TO CASTLE ZANGRA...  
WHERE ANYTHING **MIGHT**  
HAPPEN---AND **DID** HAPPEN!  
HEH+HEH+HEH---**EXCUSE ME**, I  
MEAN HEH! ---YOU'D THINK I'D  
BEEN BATTING AROUND WITH  
VAMPIRES MYSELF! BUT  
I'M NOT BARON  
ZANGRA, I'M JUST  
YOUR **DEADLY**  
UNSEEN  
**FRIEND---**

*The Thing*



# THE THING

EVER HEAR OF A HINDU MAGIC MIRROR? NOT WELL, JAMES GARTH DID! HE'D READ ALL ABOUT IT IN A BOOK ON CABALISTIC MAGIC THAT HE KEPT IN THE BACK ROOM OF HIS ANTIQUE SHOP IN SAN FRANCISCO. . . . BUT JAMES GARTH WAS TOO BUSY SMUGGLING D-O-P-E TO WORRY ABOUT MAGIC MIRRORS UNTIL ONE DAY, HIS HELPER, TONY HARMON CAME ACROSS ONE. . .

**"MIRROR, MIRROR, ON MY WALL"**

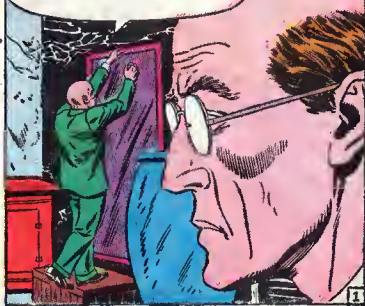


THESE BRASS MIRRORS THAT CAME IN FROM INDIA, MR. GARTH. HERE'S ONE WITH A FUNNY MARK ON THE BACK. IS IT EXTRA SPECIAL?

THE CABALISTIC SYMBOL / A MAGIC MIRROR.



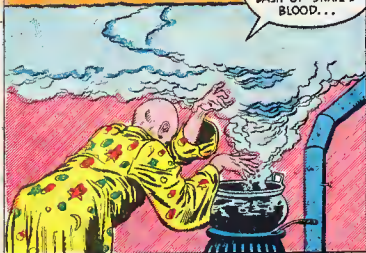
NO, NO, TONY. NOTHING EXTRA SPECIAL. BUT I NEED A MIRROR HERE IN MY PRIVATE CONFERENCE ROOM. YOU CAN PUT THE OTHERS IN STORAGE.



# THE THING

SO JAMES GARTH LOCKED HIMSELF IN HIS BACK ROOM AND BEGAN AN EXCURSION INTO THE WEIRD REALM OF BLACK MAGIC...

I'VE BOILED THE ELIXIR! NOW TO ADD POWDERED HENBANE AND A DASH OF SNAIL'S BLOOD...



... AND I CONJURE YOU, DEMON OF THE DEEP TO APPEAR AND DO MY BIDDING ... HERE'S ONE NOW!



GO, DEMON OF THE DEED. FIND LOU BURTON, MATE OF THE TUG-BOAT CATALINA. STRIKE HIM DOWN!



GARTH'S EYES BLINKED WHEN THE DEMON VANISHED... HIS EARS SHOULD HAVE BURNED TOO, FOR PEOPLE WERE TALKING ABOUT HIM...

WE DELIVERED THAT LOAD TO THE ANTIQUE SHOP. NOW GARTH WANTS HIS DOUGH, BURTON

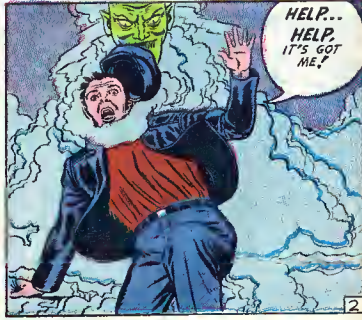
IT'S IN THE CABIN. I'LL GET IT.



GARTH'S MONEY. HUH? I'LL SEND HIM HALF, AS USUAL... AND JUST LET HIM SQUAWK!... HEY... WHAT'S THAT...

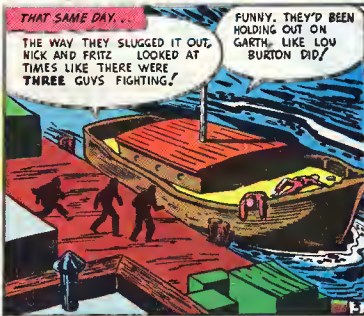


HELP... HELP. IT'S GOT ME!





# THE THING

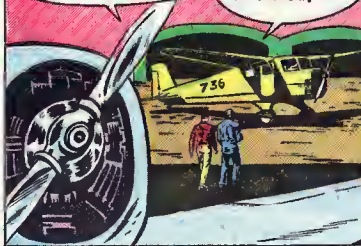


# THE THING

BY THIS TIME, DOPE SMUGGLERS GENERALLY WERE FINDING IT BAD BUSINESS TO HOLD OUT ON JAMES GARTH. BUT THERE WERE SOME WHO WOULDN'T LISTEN...

I'M TELLING YOU, TIM, YOU'D BETTER GIVE GARTH HIS FULL CUT!

FOR WHAT? ALL GARTH DOES IS PASS THE STUFF ALONG TO PUSHERS.

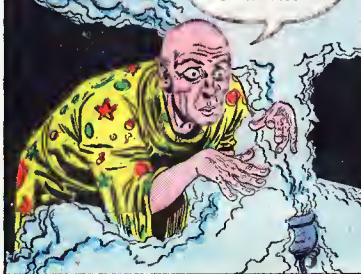


I'M FLYING DOWN TO MEXICO TO PICK UP A CARGO OF DOPE RIGHT NOW... AND I'VE ALREADY TOLD GARTH THAT SOMEONE ELSE WILL HANDLE IT!



MEANWHILE...

A NEW FORMULA TODAY... A DASH OF SNAKEWOOD, A BIT OF WORKWOOD...



DEMON OF THE UPPER AIR, I COMMAND YOU TO STRIKE DOWN TIM JENKINS, AT ONCE!



HEY... HEY... HELP!



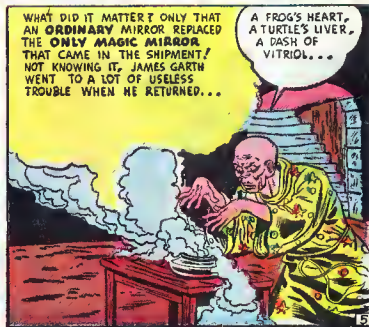
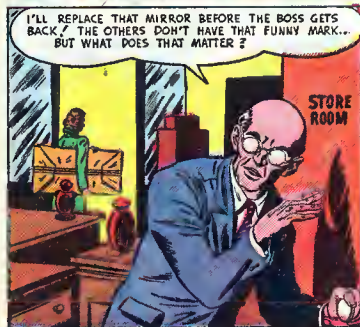
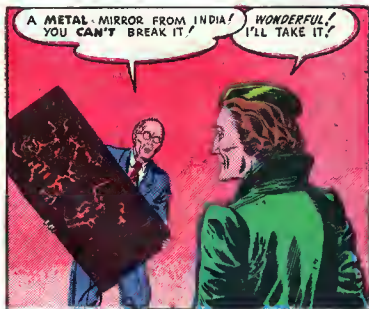
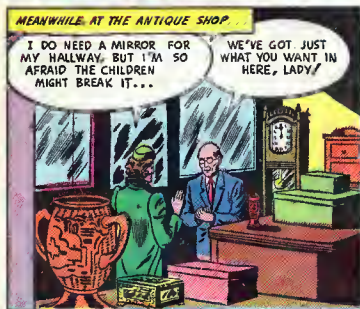
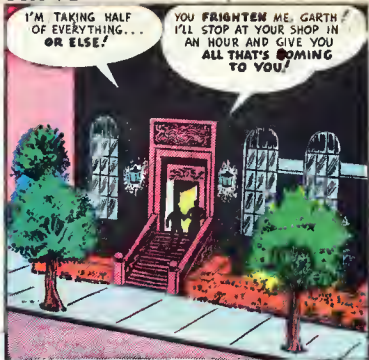
SOMETHING MUST HAVE KNOCKED THAT PILOT RIGHT OUT OF HIS SHIP!

YOU'D THINK SOME CRAZY MONSTER GRABBED IT FROM THAT CLOUD!

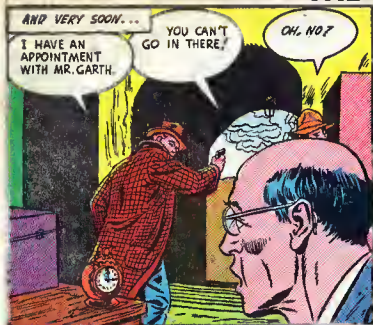




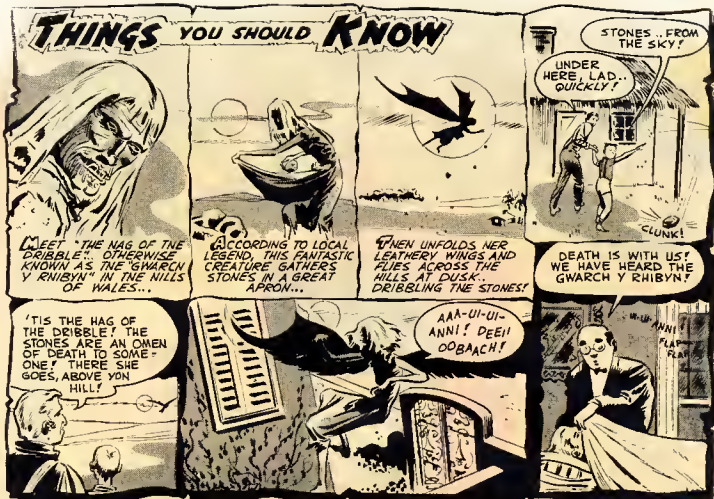
# THE THING



# THE THING







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**AND, WOW! WHAT A PICTURE!** Whether you go for "zowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream change-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen

gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

**TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE!** When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all—a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

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